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David Castleman

Poems

"Like a child
The time is jumping on the stairs of years
From page to page".

The sensations of our living perceptions are celebrated in their mad wild glory.* Every page exclaims riotously with announcement of sensation, and (perhaps) uncontrollably. The poetic impulses are unaffected, are real and one poem seems scarcely to be old when a new poem is begun and the older forgotten, unperfected, exiled from mind into the black closet of a book.

"The transparent Moon
Half gnawed
By night's worms
Is burying itself
Through these clouds
So Flattened
As if God had put
His hands on their heads."

* Florentin Smarandache: CIRCLES OF LIGHT; Phoenix – Chicago: Erhus University Press; ISBN 1-87958531-6, 104 p.

When Mr Smarandache writes carefully and calmly, his lines can be intoxicating and narcotic, refreshing as the providential water that closes a long thirst.